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THE MAN WITH THE MUCK-RAKE.

After a while, the interpreter took them into his Significant Rooms, and shewed them what Christiana's husband had seen some time before. This done, the interpreter takes them apart again, and has them first into a room where was a man that could look no way but downwards, with a muck-rake in his hand: there stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake; but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and the dust of the floor.

Then said Christiana, I persuade myself that I know somewhat the meaning of this; for this is the figure of a man of this world; is it not, good sir?

Thou hast said right, said he; and his muck-rake doth show his carnal mind. And whereas thou seest him rather give heed to rake up straws and sticks, and the dust of the floor, than to what he says that calls to him from above, with the celestial crown in his hand; it is to show that heaven is but as a fable to some, and that things here are counted the only things substantial. Now, whereas it was also shewed thee that the man could look no way but downwards, it is to let thee know that earthly things, when they are with power upon men's minds, quite carry their hearts away from God.

Then said Christiana, Oh, deliver me from this muck-rake.

That prayer, said the Interpreter, has lain by till it is almost rusty: "Give me not riches" is scarce the prayer of one of ten thousand. Straws, and sticks, and dust, with most, are the things now looked after.—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

Y. MAY KING.

Twenty-three years ago, in a little town sixty miles from Ningpo, a baby girl was born. Her father, Kying Ling-yin, who with his wife had been educated in the Presbyterian Mission schools of Ningpo, was the young pastor of the little Presbyterian Church established in the town.

Born thus in a Christian home, she was received with as much joy as had been her brother five years before, and baptized You-Me, or "Refined Sister."

Two years after her birth, a severe fever prevailed in the village, and within six weeks of each other her father and mother died.

Just before her father's death, he sent for his friend and teacher from the school at Ningpo and gave into his charge the little ones, begging that they should be kept from their heathen relatives and educated in the Christian faith, in which their parents died.

The trust thus accepted has been faithfully kept. The boy remained with his guardian until the age of sixteen, when he was placed in other hands, but the little girl has been as a cherished daughter to Dr. and Mrs. McCartee, who received the Chinese baby from her father's dying hands, and now, in her perfectly equipped young womanhood, give her back to her country to take up with her own hands, though in another way, the work her father left apparently so unfortunately.

When You-Me was five years old, she made her first visit to America, where in her Chinese dress she was an object of much curiosity in the families where her guardians visited.

At that time, she much resembled the little American children with whom she played, a strong will being occasionally manifested in childish stubbornness. She learned English readily and perfectly, Mrs. McCartee instructing her personally.

After a two years' visit in America she returned to China; but a short time after, Dr. McCartee being called to Japan, removed to Tokio, where You-Me's life passed calmly till 1880, when another visit to the United States was decided upon, chiefly for her benefit.

At this time she was an intelligent girl of sixteen, moving with an easy, unobtrusive grace and dignity among older persons, quite noticeable when contrasted with American girls of her own age. Her education, which had been entirely conducted by her guardians, embraced a fair knowledge of Latin, History, Literature, Mathematics and Natural Science for which she manifested an especial liking. She also conversed fluently in her native Chinese dialect, Japanese, French and English.

On reaching America, it was decided to lay aside her Chinese dress, as tending to make her unpleasantly conspicuous, and also to write her name Y. May King.

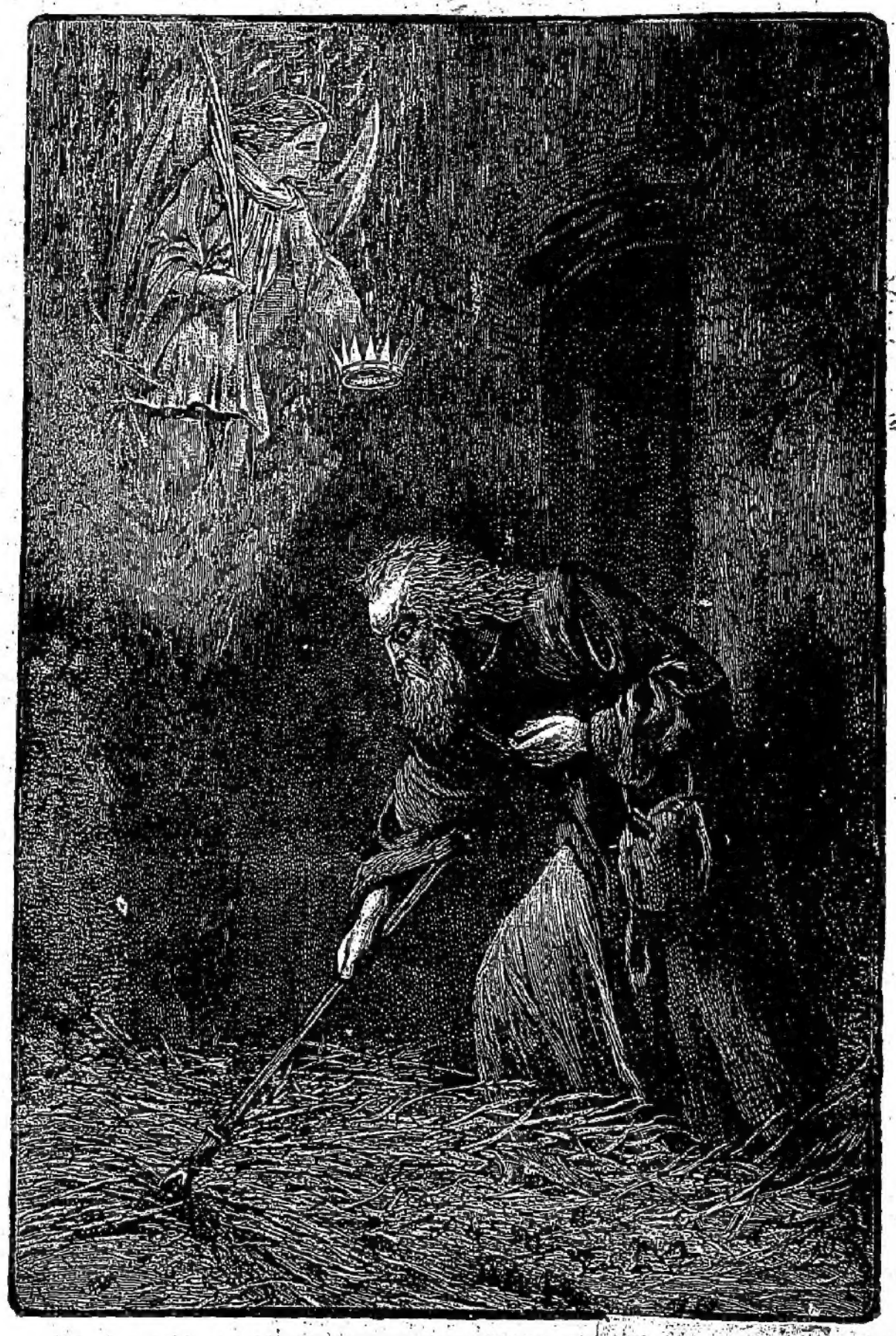
For a short time she studied with private teachers and was then placed in school, where she made rapid progress. During this period she decided upon her profession, and following the natural inclination of her mind, entered the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children. Here she especially distinguished herself, graduating in 1885 at the head of her class, though the youngest in age, having passed an almost perfect examination, owing to her remarkable memory. She is, as far as known, the first Chinese woman who has received a medical degree in England or America.

Better, however, than her earthly knowledge, is the devoted Christian character which has always prompted her to study and work with the one idea of returning to her own country and using her knowledge to Christianize and elevate her countrywomen.

With this thought in mind, she has passed the two years since graduation in further study of microscopy, laboratory work and clinical observation in Philadelphia and Washington.

When ready for work the path opened, and in June she started, with Dr. and Mrs. McCartee, under appointment from the Woman's Board of Missions of the Reformed Church, to take charge of a hospital in Amoy, China.

The summer was spent in



THE MAN WITH THE MUCK-RAKE.

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W. M. Rozee

Japan, where she joined the United States Eclipse Expedition, and has received honorable mention in the report made by the commission for her valuable aid in the Photographic Department.

In Tokio, she successfully treated a member of the Chinese Embassy to the Japanese Court, receiving in return for her services her first fee, fifty dollars in gold, and an elaborate satin scroll extolling her skill.

The first of September found her starting for Amoy, where active work was awaiting her.

Just before leaving America, she wrote a scientific article for a New York medical paper, in commenting on which the editor says, among many laudatory remarks:

"We have frequently commended the work of our medical missionaries in China, but never before has there come to our knowledge so striking a manifestation of the beneficence of the missionary's task as the rescue of such a mind as Miss King's from the doldrums of Chinese life and its promising start on an active scientific and humanitarian career."

Thus far only has the story of this life been written. What future results shall follow from this earnest preparation God alone can tell. We may surely trust that, through her instrumentality and example, a new era may dawn for the long oppressed and despised Chinese woman, and that hereafter many others may stand with her on the same plane of educated Christian womanhood.—*Church Tidings.*

RESTLESS SCHOLARS.

BY DOROTHY NELSON.

How to interest and keep busy a class of restless boys is a problem that has troubled many Sunday-school teachers, and doubtless will continue to trouble them as long as restless boys exist. The following suggestions, however, may aid in the solution of the problem:

One of the surest ways to interest your scholars—especially if they are small—is to illustrate the lesson as you talk. If you can have the use of a blackboard, that is best; but pencil and paper, or slate, can be made to answer very well. It is not necessary to be an artist to do this, for children will follow the simplest marks with interest and appreciation. The scholars will remember the lessons better when review comes, if you make some symbol each Sunday to represent the lesson. One superintendent, some years ago, when the lessons were in Acts, drew upon his board a wheel, with a spoke for each lesson, and "Paul" written upon the hub. Every Sunday he put upon the board something to represent the lesson title. Thus, a red lantern (sign of danger), and a church, stood for "Paul's warning to the church;" a bird flying from a cage, "Paul's escape," etc.; so that, at the end of the quarter, there were few scholars in that school who did not remember something about the lessons.

It is best not to tell stories. It is true that stories always interest the children; but the trouble is, they are too interesting, and the scholars learn to look forward to them, rather than to the lesson.

A great many teachers omit the recitation of memory verses. They say that it takes too much valuable time to hear each scholar recite all the verses; and while one is reciting, the rest pay no attention to the lesson.

A very good way to avoid this difficulty is to appoint, at the close of each lesson, a class leader, whose duty it will be at the next session to ask any scholar for any one of the memory verses, and then to lead the class in a concert recitation of them. If you make the appointment an honor, you will find the plan work very well; but be sure to learn the verses yourself, for no where is it more true that "example is better than precept" than in Sunday-school work.

If, at the close of the lesson, a few minutes are left unoccupied, it is the time for "questions," when each boy asks his neighbor questions upon the lesson of the day, or any previous lessons of the quarter.

Sometimes assign a special lesson to each scholar. Give him some one verse, and tell him to find in it all the lesson points he can, and to find as many parallel verses as possible. If there is time, have the verses read in class; if not, at least look over and comment upon his list, so that he can feel your interest in his work. This is one of the best ways to familiarize pupils with the Bible.

Now about review Sunday. Of course, there is never time enough to go over all the lessons: but perhaps you can accomplish more, if, upon the Sunday before review, you assign to each scholar one of the symbols, and tell him to study especially the lesson represented by that symbol, so as to be prepared to answer any question upon it that may be asked by teacher or scholar.

Always attend to the class-book and contribution at the beginning of the hour. As boys like to feel some responsibility, it may be a good plan to appoint two or three class officers,—one to take charge of the class-book, another to see to the distribution of papers, and a third, if necessary, to be a class librarian,—and change or reappoint these officers every quarter.

These are merely suggestions, and each teacher will have to enlarge upon them, or change them, to suit the needs of his class; but some such plans as these, that make the boys work, and make them feel that they have something to do as well as the teacher, will be found beneficial.

Is it not sometimes the case that the class is dull and restless, because the teacher has become discouraged and lost all interest in the work? Children are so quick to feel and respond to the influences around them, that, if the teacher is present Sunday after Sunday, and teaches them merely from a sense of duty, they will have no interest in the lesson; but if, on the other hand, they feel that the teacher has a real heart-interest in them, they are quick to perceive and respond to it. A teacher may not be a brilliant talker, and the possessor of "personal magnetism," but, if he is devoted heart and soul to his work, he will succeed.—*Sunday-School Times.*

SPEAK TO THEM.

A young lady called to see a friend who was ill, and on leaving, one of the children, a sweet, intelligent little girl, took her down stairs. She was her own especial favorite and pet, and yet, being naturally of an extremely reserved disposition, she had never spoken one word to her on the subject of religion. Looking down into the thoughtful, loving eyes, under a sudden impulse, she asked the question: "Maude, my darling, do you love Jesus?"

To her astonishment, the child stopped abruptly, and drawing her into a room which they were passing, she shut the door, and clinging closely to her, burst into a flood of tears. Looking up at last with a glad, happy face, she said: "Miss Alice, I have been praying for six months that you would speak to me of Jesus, and now you have! Every time I have been to your house I hoped you would say something, and I was beginning to think you never would."

It was a keen reproach to her friend, and one that she never forgot.

Little Maud is now an earnest young soldier in Christ's army. No one who knows her doubts the reality of her religion, and certainly it gives her character an attractive grace which nothing else could give.

How many poor, sad, seeking souls, like little Maud, wonder why Christians never speak to them of the things nearer their hearts! O Christian, why do you neglect to let your light shine, and guide these weary wanderers home to God?—*Selected.*

"THE NEIGHBORS."

The young ladies of the new Utrecht church met at the parsonage about a year ago to consider plans for raising money for domestic and foreign missions. They decided to distribute little bags in the Society and among the church people, for the reception of free-will offerings, suggesting that at least one cent a week be put into each bag. Slips of paper were given with the bags, on which were printed the old play-verse:

"Neighbor, neighbor, how do you do?
Pretty well, thank you, how are you?
How's your neighbor on the lea?
I don't know, but I'll go and see."

And the Society took for its name "The Neighbors." The young men of the church were invited to the Society, and they generously aided in the good work. At the meeting something interesting was read or told about missions.

At the end of six months the bags were collected and were found to contain nearly sixty dollars. Seven little boys gave ten dollars of this sum, which they had earned or saved from their own pocket money. The young ladies have just held a fair, and without grab bags, raffling, or unpleasant methods of any kind, and with very little assistance in the preparation from those outside the Society, they have cleared one hundred and fifty dollars, making two hundred and ten dollars with the "bag money." Half of this is to be sent to home neighbors and half to foreign neighbors.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 24.

THE GREAT TEACHER AND THE TWELVE. Mark 6: 1-13.

COMMIT VERSES 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And they went out, and preached that men should repent.—Mark 6: 12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Our privilege and duty to make known the Gospel at home and abroad.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark 6: 1-13.
T. Matt. 13: 51-58.
W. Matt. 10: 1-25.
Th. Matt. 10: 26-42.
F. Luke 9: 1-6.
Sa. 1 Cor. 1: 18-31.
Su. Mark 16: 15-20.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *Went out:* from Capernaum. *Own country:* Nazareth, seven hours' journey south-west from Capernaum. 2. *Sabbath day:* Jewish Sabbath. Our Saturday. *Synagogue:* Jewish church. *Astonished:* at the method and effect of his teaching, and the wonders they had heard of him. *What wisdom:* where did he get it? Is it from above or beneath? *Such mighty works:* Miracles which they had both seen and heard of. 3. *The Carpenter:* Jesus had probably worked at the carpenter's trade with his father. *Offended:* caused to stumble; their Messiah was to be a temporal prince; how could this humble mechanic be their Messiah? 5. *No mighty work:* because of their want of faith. 7. *Called unto him:* moved with compassion for the people (Matt. 9: 36-38.) *The twelve:* the apostles whom he had chosen the previous summer just before the sermon on the mount. *Two and two:* to help, to counsel, and encourage each other. 8. *Take nothing:* make no special preparations. *Scrip:* a small bag for provisions or other things needed. *Purse:* rather, girdle or belt, where money was carried. 9. *Two coats:* tunics, or inner garments. 10. People there were accustomed to entertain travellers. The disciples went in the ordinary way, and with the ordinary preparation. 11. *Shake off the dust:* as a sign that they were not responsible for their salvation. 13. *Anointed with oil:* an external sign of healing power, also a symbol of anointing by the Holy Ghost. It was a common remedy in the East.

SUBJECT: WORKING FOR JESUS.

QUESTIONS.

I. PROCLAIMING THE GOSPEL AT HOME (vs. 1-6).—From what place did Jesus go? Where was "his own country"? How far was it from Capernaum to Nazareth? Who went with him? What had happened to him there before? (Luke 4: 16-30.)

Why would he want specially to preach the Gospel there? Is it our duty to make known the Gospel in our own homes? In what ways are we responsible for its being known in our town and in our country? What societies are working for this end? What do you know about their work?

In what place did Jesus preach? Why were his hearers astonished? What had they known of Jesus before? What lessons can you learn from the fact that Jesus had worked as a carpenter? Meaning of "offended" here? What proverb did Jesus utter? Why is a prophet without honor in his own country? Was this a fair reason for rejecting him? What reasons had they for receiving him? Why could Jesus do no mighty work there? Is the same true now? How can our unbelief hinder God's working? Is unbelief usually as unreasonable as in this case?

II. PREACHING THE GOSPEL ABROAD (vs. 6-13). JESUS PREACHING.—Where did Jesus next preach the Gospel? (v. 6; Matt. 9: 35.) What was one reason that led him to increase the working force? (Matt. 9: 36-38.) Does Jesus still need more workers in his kingdom?

WORKERS SENT OUT.—Who were the twelve? (v. 7; Mark 3: 14-17.) In what way did Jesus send them forth? Why two by two? What power did he give them? (v. 8; Matt. 10: 8.) Does Jesus now give power to those he sends?

WORKERS INSTRUCTED.—What was their outfit? Why were they to go thus simply? How far is this a rule for missionaries now? What is the difference between their circumstances and those of modern missionaries? How were they to treat places which refused to receive them? Why? Why would it be more tolerable for Sodom than for such a city? (Luke 12: 47, 48.) What do you know about these cities? Is it still worse for us to reject Jesus?

WORKERS AT WORK.—What two things did the disciples do? Why should help for the body and help for the soul always go together? What did they preach? (v. 12; Matt. 9: 35; 10: 7.) Why repentance first? In what ways can we now do the two kinds of work the apostles did?

LESSON IX.—MARCH 3.

JESUS THE MESSIAH.—Mark 8: 27-38; 9: 1. COMMIT VERSE 36-38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.—Mark 8: 34.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Those who would reign with Christ in heaven, must follow him on earth.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark 6: 7-56.
T. Mark 7: 1-37.
W. Mark 8: 1-26.
Th. Mark 8: 27-38.
F. Matt. 10: 24-42.
Sa. Rev. 7: 9-17.
Su. Matt. 16: 13-23.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

27. *Went out:* from Bethsaida and Galilee. *He asked:* in order to lead them thus to the truth. 28. *John the Baptist:* lately killed by Herod. *Elias:* Elijah, the promised forerunner of the Messiah (Mal. 4: 5.) 29. *Thou art the Christ:* Peter saw through his humble circumstances, and recognized the Messiah. 30. *Tell no man:* it was not time yet; for (1) some would make him a king, (2) others oppose him all the more. 31. *Teach them:* show them the real nature and work of the Messiah. 33. *Get thee behind me, Satan:* not that Peter was Satan, but his suggestion was from Satan. 34. *Will come after me:* be my disciple. *Deny himself:* put Christ and his kingdom before his personal profit and pleasure. He must give up whatever is wrong, and whatever will prevent him from serving Christ and doing good. *Take up his cross:* the cross was the symbol of death. Christ did his duty, and saved men, even though it cost him death on the cross. So must we. 35. *Save his life:* life means the blessedness and pleasures which give value to life: *save his life* means get pleasure or profit at the expense of right or religion. *Shall lose it:* shall fail of his end; shall lose eternal life, which is the true life. Real life must grow out of a pure and holy character. He that loses this may gain temporary pleasure and that only, but must lose all true and lasting blessedness. 38. *Adulterous:* unfaithful to God. *Of him shall the Son of man be ashamed:* because he has proved himself unworthy of Christ. *Cometh in the glory:* at the day of judgment, his second coming. *Seen the kingdom of God come:* fully established, and showing its power. This was by his resurrection, the day of Pentecost, and completed at the destruction of Jerusalem 40 years later, when the old dispensation passed away, and the new was firmly established. John lived till after that, and all the disciples till after Pentecost.

SUBJECT: FOLLOWING JESUS.

QUESTIONS.

I. WHOM WE ARE TO FOLLOW. THE CENTRAL PERSON (vs. 27-30.)—From what place did Jesus go out? To what place was he going? What question did he ask his disciples on the way? What were the various answers? What wrong ideas do people now have about Christ?

Whom did Peter say that Jesus was? Meaning of "the Christ"? Where did Peter learn this? (Matt. 16: 17.) Whom do you think that Jesus is? What is he to you? Why is it very important to have correct ideas of Jesus?

II. THE WAY IN WHICH HE WENT. THE CENTRAL DOCTRINE (vs. 31-33).—What revelation did Jesus now begin to make about himself? Where was this foretold of the Messiah? (Isa. 53.) Was this the necessary way to his kingdom? Has the atoning Saviour been the great central doctrine and power of the church? (1 Cor. 1: 23, 24; Rom. 1: 16; John 3: 16.) How did Peter receive this statement of Jesus? What did Jesus say to him?

III. FOLLOWING JESUS. THE CENTRAL DUTY (v. 34).—What must we do in order to be a disciple of Christ? What is it to deny ourselves? What is it to take up the cross? How did Christ take up his cross? What crosses have we to take up? Why is such a hard thing laid upon us before we can be Christians? How does it test us, so that we may know whether we are Christians or not? What is it to follow Christ?

IV. REASONS FOR FOLLOWING JESUS (vs. 35-38; 9: 1.)

FIRST (v. 35).—What is meant here by *life*? what by saving his life? What is it to lose the life? What is it to lose the life for Christ's sake and the Gospel's? Show how the statement of this verse is true now.

SECOND (vs. 36, 37).—What question of profit and loss is here asked? Is it right to think of what is profitable in such things? What is it to gain the whole world? How much of this world do men gain that lose their souls? What is it to lose the soul? In what ways do men lose their souls in seeking to gain the world? How would you answer the question in v. 37?

THIRD (v. 38).—How would the disciples be tempted to be ashamed of Christ? How are we tempted to be ashamed of him? What will become of those who are ashamed of Christ? Why?

FOURTH (v. 38; 9: 1).—What change was to take place in Christ's outward condition? When will Christ come in the glory of his Father? (2 Tim. 1: 1; 2 Pet. 3: 7; Rev. 11: 15; Matt. 24: 30, 31; 25: 31.) What more did Christ promise his disciples? When did the kingdom of God come with power? (Acts 2: 1-4, 41; Matt. 23: 36-38.)

LESSON CALENDAR.

(First Quarter, 1889.)

1. Jan. 27.—Forgiveness and Healing.—Mark 2: 1-12.
5. Feb. 3.—The Parable of the Sower.—Mark 4: 10-20.
6. Feb. 10.—The Fierce Demoniac.—Mark 5: 1-20.
7. Feb. 17.—The Timid Woman's Touch.—Mark 5: 25-34.
8. **Feb. 24.—The Great Teacher and the Twelve.—Mark 6: 1-13.**
9. **Mar. 3.—Jesus the Messiah.—Mark 8: 27-38; 9: 1.**
10. Mar. 10.—The Childlike Spirit.—Mark 9: 33-4
11. Mar. 17.—Christ's Love to the Young.—Mark 10: 13-22.
12. Mar. 24.—Blind Bartimeus.—Mark 10: 46-52.
13. Mar. 31.—Review, Missions, and Temperance.—Eph. 5: 15-21.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ON THE CARE OF KITCHEN UTENSILS.

BY ROLLAND GILLETTE.

All iron, granite ware, copper or brass utensils clean readily if water is put into them as soon as they are emptied after being used, that is, unless fruit has been burned on the bottoms of them. It is well if this catastrophe never happens, for not only is the fruit and sugar and labor lost, but the preserving kettle is apt to be ruined also. It can be scoured, of course, but the traces of the burn are apt to remain. And in the case of granite or porcelain ware, the glaze becomes cracked and the kettle is soon worthless. Sea sand, some soap or sapolio will usually take any slight burn from pots and kettle bottoms. New iron ware should be filled with hay and water, and this boiled for some hours. A little soda and water should often be used to scald out all utensils used in cooking about the stove. It keeps them sweet and clean and removes all bad odors. The outside of pots and kettles and frying pans need to be kept as clean as inside, and this can be done only by washing both as often as necessary.

In filling lamps and kerosene stoves a steady hand and clear eye are needful, else the oil gets spilled, causing a world of trouble for the time being. If it does overflow, however, nothing short of a vigorous scouring with soap, sand and scrubbing brush, will remove the spots.

Iron sinks are preferable to wooden ones, as they cannot absorb anything which may be drawn into them. By flushing the drain pipes daily with ammonia and water, or with copperas water, or even with soda dissolved in scalding water, they can be kept perfectly sweet. A rubber scraper and a little broom brush to clean the sink with are great conveniences, but they in turn need to be washed clean.

Soft soap and good sea sand, together with lye made from wood ashes, and vigorous applications with the scrubbing brush are, in my way of thinking, the best implements with which to scour the floor and tables, and the woodwork of the room if it is unpainted. All paint requires a little more careful handling, and can be wiped down with woollen cloths wrung out of water in which a little soap or lye has been dissolved.

A small kitchen grindstone is quite essential for use in keeping an edge on knives. The knives can be kept from rusting by oiling them when not in use. Rust can be removed by first oiling them, and after a few hours briskly rubbing the spot with powdered emery. Knives are cleaned by rubbing in bath-brick, sapolio, whites of ashes or emery, powdered charcoal, or any substance which scours slightly but does not scratch the surface to injure the steel. In washing knives the blades should be put into a jug or pitcher, and scalding water poured about them without touching the handles. If the handles are constantly wetted they soon loosen and crack off. If they have loosened they can be cemented with rosin cement, and so made firm again. A piece of zinc firmly nailed to a board kept near the stove is very useful to set pots upon or the tea kettle.

Old, loose crash towels, folded into several thicknesses, are very good holders to use in baking. A dozen of them are none too many for constant use. They need washing as do the dish cloths and dish towels regularly and often.

Bottles and glassware can be cleaned with ammonia and water.

Tinware is best washed in soda and water. It can be scoured with care, yet if kept clean from day to day it seldom need come to scouring, which process wears it out quickly. The peppers, salts, vinegar cruets, and other bottles of supplies and condiments in constant use need regular replenishing, and the article containing each wiped off or washed.

Strong lye will clean almost any greasy crock or pan or other utensil. A demijohn of it kept under the sink is very handy. But as wood ashes are not obtainable in many localities, ammonia is very generally used in place of it. And this combined with various scouring soaps and some soda answers most purposes very well. A very good soap is made by melting all the bits of soap left from the laundry in twice the amount of water, and thickening it with fine sand. When cool the cake will prove a good scouring article.

REPORT FROM THE HOUSEKEEPER CLUB.

Our fourth meeting was held under very discouraging circumstances. It rained. Not a good energetic shower, but a dismal, half-hearted drizzle, that left us undecided whether to go out or not. I set out for the place of meeting that day, hardly expecting to see another one there. Yet seven others had braved the dripping sky and and steaming earth to "bear one another's burdens."

The first topic was, "What may we leave undone?"

As the lady to whom this topic was assigned rose to her feet, the president said, "Please keep your seat, Mrs. M——. You can talk and we can listen just as well."

Mrs. M——: "Thank you. The ladies may regret that, for I shall probably talk longer than I would standing. As to the subject, I find, in my fifteen years' experience in housework, that much may be left undone, which I once believed absolutely necessary. When I was first married, like most young women, I wished to please my husband and gain a reputation as a model housekeeper. We were poor and I determined to economize and help him. I asked for no conveniences or helps about my work. Our floors were bare and unpainted, but I kept them spotlessly white, and you all know what it means to do that. I was not satisfied with what I could do with a mop. I used to get down on my hands and knees and scrub with a cloth. Then my stove must be blacked every day, and all the rest of my work must be done in the same dainty but health-breaking manner. Then, after I had done all this hard, useless labor, I would go out and help my husband. I would go after the cows and milk them, when my feet and back rebelled at every step. He did not ask or expect me to—that is, not at first—but I wanted to help him and would say, "I can do it just as well as not." Who could blame him, then, if he took me at my own estimate of myself, and began to expect it of me? He praised me and I was satisfied. He thought it did me good to be out of doors and so it would, if I had not been tired out when I started. He praised my white floors, not knowing that one dollar's worth of paint would have saved me hours of pain every week, and I was too anxious to save money to ask for it. So it went on, until at the end of a year, I paid for my ambition with the life of my first baby. It was a bitter lesson, which I have never forgotten. Now, that I have four children to care for, I do not use as much strength in doing my work as I did then. I have learned to economize both my time and strength.

I never scrub a floor now. The uncarpeted ones are painted. Scrubbing a floor is one thing which we not only may, but ought to leave undone. I think it is positively wicked for a woman to take the strength which her family needs, and lay it out on a floor to be trampled upon.

So, too, the cooking stove may be left unblacked and the family be as well cared for. Black it once a month, if you will, and keep a clean handled brush with which to rub it over every day: do no hard rubbing, and see if it won't fully satisfy your sense of neatness.

We may sweep less. When sewing, keep the scraps off the floor. Keep a small broom and dust-pan in nearly every room, and when any dirt is noticed, carefully take it up and the room may go a week perhaps without a thorough sweeping.

We may not wash much less, but we iron less. I believe that half the clothes in every washing may be left unironed and everyone concerned be just as well off.

Then, we may leave undone a great deal of the extra cooking which we do for company. We may leave undone nearly all of the "extras" in fact.

Last, but not least, we may leave undone—all our fretting!

Mrs. F——: "There is one thing to which I would like to call the attention of the club, that may be well included in the list of things to be left undone. As a club we have keenly felt lately the power of gossip to cause mischief. Let us learn a lesson from it, and as a society, pledge ourselves to leave 'undone' all gossiping or evil speaking. If we receive a bad impression of anything or anybody, let us keep it to ourselves. We have no right to use our impressions to do anyone harm. We may and ought to use them as warnings and safeguards, but for no other purpose. What I mean is, if we believe a person to be bad, we ought to keep ourselves and our friends out of the power of his influence, if possible; but we can do that without repeating to everybody all that we have ever heard against him. The same in regard to all societies, whether church, temperance, social, or whatever they may be; let us not condemn them, at least, until we are sure they are doing more harm than good. I would ask now, can we not pledge ourselves to use our influence against all gossiping and evil speaking?"

Mrs. K——: "Amen!"

Mrs. B——: "I agree with that; but let me suggest right here that we open the door of our society and invite in our husbands. If we could induce them to subscribe to that with us, we should be taking a long step toward the millennium."

Pres.: "Our day began in clouds and ended in sunshine, and I trust is typical of our work. We are under a cloud now; but if we persevere, the sunshine of justice will dispel it and reveal our good intentions. We will take up no other topic to-day, but adjourn with this good resolution fresh and firm in our minds. We will neither countenance nor indulge in evil speaking."—*Housekeeper.*

THE JOLLY HOUR.

The hour for recreation must come to lively, active lads. So the question arises, what shall we do for our boys, to give them innocent pleasures which they will really enjoy in the little time that is left, after lessons are prepared, before bed-time? Ought we not to give them at least one jolly hour, and send them off to rest feeling that life is not all grind? It is a serious question with us mothers, whose social duties are growing more complicated every year, to know what to leave undone. But there is one fact which we must face. If we have engagements every night in the week, our boys will grow lonely, restless, and dissatisfied. It is time they saw a little of the world, too, they think. If we go, be sure they will go too—but where? We have sacrificed for them in the past, if we have been true mothers. Can we not do so a little longer? If our biggest one has croup we think it no trial to defer any pleasure for its comfort. If our big boys have a longing for a "good time" like the other fellows, (imaginary ones of course), is it not just as necessary that we should minister to their necessities?

Everyone likes a sense of ownership; no one more than your Jack or Harry. Give him his own room, if possible. Perhaps he is a quiet fellow; then let him lock himself in if he pleases, and has a Robinson Crusoe feeling of being, "Monarch of all I survey." If he pants and yearns for excitement and society, let him open wide his door. Make his room the centre of attraction. Give him the open fire, if there be but one. A bright light and a cheerful fire give grown people often the feeling of a "good time" unconsciously, why not a boy, who may feel it in his soul, and not know why? While he is finishing his last Latin verb in the study, creep up to his room. Light up as for a jubilee! Stir the bright coal fire till the blaze gives forth a glorious welcome.

Draw up the red covered table, and have your "surprise dish" ready. It may be a very simple one; anything will be "just dandy." Apples, pop-corn,—something for the fellows to nibble, while they crack their little jokes over the fire,—with their other chestnuts!

Perhaps you have met some of his friends down street and asked them in for the Jolly Hour—and if one should be a musical lad, and at your request has brought his violin, be sure your success will usually be triumphant. Have music, that divinest of all hand maids, as your assistant, and you cannot fail of winning your boy. "Society" is there. He need not go farther to seek it. No place is so charming as a musical home.

But, then, there are varieties of boys, just as there are varieties of plants. As you cannot make a lily into a rose, or an artist into a musician, so you cannot make all fellows musical. They have not yet developed a taste for the æsthetic, perhaps. Well, do not despair. See how he grows! Some day he will surprise you by being a lovable, appreciative man. You have worked for it, you deserve it, and you will have your reward.

Meanwhile, try another "tack," as the skipper says. Bring out your games,—anagrams and authors, and checkers, and backgammon, and bean-bags. Send him off to bed when the Jolly Hour is over, with rosy cheeks and a happy heart. Let him feel that his is the very best little mother, and his home the very jolliest any fellow ever had. Then, in the future, unto you will be the victory.—*Intelligencer.*

MUFFINS.

(From Good Housekeeping.)

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—Take for a dozen muffins half a pint of graham, a scant half pint of sifted flour, half a pint of milk, one teaspoonful and a half of baking-powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one egg. Sift the graham into a bowl, and then turn in the bran that is left in the sieve. Now put the flour and other dry ingredients into the sieve. Mix well, and rub through the sieve, letting the mixture fall on the graham in the bowl. Mix all these materials thoroughly. Beat the egg till it is light, and add the milk to it. Pour this mixture on the dry ingredients. Beat quickly, and pour into buttered muffin pans. Bake for half an hour in a moderately hot oven.

WHITE CORN MEAL MUFFINS.—You will need for a dozen muffins half a pint of flour, half a pint of white corn meal, a generous half pint of milk, one egg, half a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful and a half of baking-powder, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, melted, and four tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Put the butter in a hot cup and pour the boiling water over it. Set on the back part of the stove. Mix all the dry ingredients and rub through a sieve and into a bowl. Beat the egg till light, and add the milk to it. Stir this mixture into the dry ingredients. Add the melted butter and water. Pour into buttered muffin pans and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven.

STAINS on cups and saucers may be removed by rubbing with ashes.

CLEAN beets nicely, but do not pare them, leaving on a short piece of the stalk to retain the coloring and sweet juices of the vegetable. Young beets will cook tender in an hour; old beets require several hours' boiling. When done, skin quickly while hot, slice into your vegetable dish, put on salt, pepper and a little butter, and they are then ready for the table.

PUZZLES.—NO. 3.

SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

A FAMOUS ACROSTIC.

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade.
Cossack commanders, cannonading come.
Dealing destruction's devastating doom.
Every endeavor engineers essay.
For fame, for fortune, fighting—furious fray!
Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious good!
How honors Heaven heroic hardihood!
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Kindred kill kinsmen, kinsmen kindred kill.
Labor low levels longest, loftiest lines;
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murderous-mines;
Now noxious, noisy numbers, noting naught
Of outward obstacles, opposing ought;
Poor patriots partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly, "quarter! quarter!" 'quest,
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.
Truce to thee, Turkey! Triumph to thy train,
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish, vain victory! vanish, victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Xmenes, Xanthus, Xavier!
Yield, yield, ye youths! Ye yeomen yield your yell!
Zeus's, Zaleucus's, Zoroaster's zeal,
Attracting all arms against acts, appeal!

ANON.

ENIGMA.

My first is in mud but not in dust,
My second is in may but not in must,
My third is in dull but not in fine,
My fourth is in ale, but not in wine,
My fifth is in cage but not in den,
My sixth is in lake but not in fen,
My seventh is in stick but not in cane,
My eighth is in place but not in lane,
My ninth is in mate but not in friend,
My tenth is in borrow but not in lend.
My whole is the name of a large island.

PERCY PRIOR.

SQUARE WORD.

1. Glory.
2. Superficies.
3. What a cat does.
4. A point of the compass.

R. VIRTUE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 2.

HIDDEN MOUNTAINS, ANCIENT CITIES AND RIVERS.—1. Etna, mountain in Sicily. 2. Athos, promontory Macedonia. 3. Atlas mountains, Africa. 4. Pekin, capital of China 5. Athens, capital of Greece. 6 Meander, river in Asiatic Turkey. 7. Taurus mountains in Asia. 8. Vale of Tempe, Greece. 9. Alba, ancient city in Italy. 10. Balkan mountains in Turkey. 11. Tiber river in Italy. 12. Grampian hills in Scotland. 13. Parana river, South America. 14. Rome, Italy, Chicago.

MRS. J. A.

ENIGMA.—William Cullen Bryant.

SQUARE WORD.—

B E A T
E L B A
A B E L
T A L L

GRANDMOTHER'S SERMON.

The supper is over, the hearth is swept,
And in the wood fire's glow
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of that time, so long ago.

When grandmamma's hair was golden brown,
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that could scarce have been sweeter then
Than now in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and careworn now,
And the golden hair is gray;
But the light that shone in the young girl's eyes
Never has gone away.

And her needles catch the fire's light
As in and out they go
With the clicking music that grandma loves,
Shaping the stocking toe.

And the waiting children love it, too,
For they know the stocking song
Brings many a tale to grandma's mind,
Which they shall hear ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time
To grandma's heart to-night;
Only a refrain, quaint and short,
Is sung by the needles bright.

"*Life* is a stocking," grandma says,
"And yours is just begun;
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my work is almost done.

With many hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play;
Some are gay-colored and some are white,
And some are ashen gray.

But most are made of many a hue,
With many a stitch set wrong,
And many a row to be sadly ripped
Ere the whole is fair and strong.

There are long, plain spaces, without a break,
That in youth is hard to bear,
And many a weary tear is dropped
As we fashion the heel with care.

But the saddest, happiest time is that
We count, and yet would shun,
When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread
And says that our work is done."

The children come to say "good-night,"
With tears in their bright young eyes,
While in grandma's lap, with broken thread,
The finished stocking lies.

—*Ellen A. Jewett.*

HOW ANIMALS PLAY.

I doubt if any animal can be found which does not, in some way or at some time, show a desire for what we term "amusement." Among the land animals, or rather the land and water animals, the otters are especially noticeable from the fact that some of their games are exactly like those of human device. It was Audubon who first chronicled their actions, he having watched them from a secluded spot, and since then their games have been enjoyed by many observers. The otters are, perhaps, the originators of the games of sliding down hill and tobogganing.

Otters are always found about streams; building their tunnel-nest in the banks, having, as a rule, one entrance into the water, and another on shore. During the winter a bank is selected having a good incline, and leading into the water, or sometimes out upon the ice. The snow is then carefully patted down, and rendered as smooth as possible, and finally becomes a glare of ice. This accomplished, the otters start at the top of the hill, and, turning upon their backs, give themselves a push with their hind feet, and away go the living sleds, dashing down the incline, turning at the bottom and with a splash entering the cold water, or darting away on the smooth ice. So fond are the animals of this sport that they keep it up for a long time, and hunters watch the slides, knowing that here they have the best chance of finding the otters.

Even crabs appear to have a sense of humor, and to go through certain manœuvres, presumably games. I remember once, in Florida, in crossing a long marsh, to have come suddenly to a spot not covered with grass, where an immense number of crabs, known as fiddlers (from the fact that one claw is of enormous size, comparatively,) were marching about in what appeared to be regular order. There must have been several hundred, and, with the great claws held aloft, they were wheeling, marching and counter-marching; making no attack upon each other, but moving about in solemn array, that undoubtedly gave some satisfaction to the participants.

As a rule, the cranes and herons are the most dignified of all the bird creation, especially when observed in the haunts of their choice—generally the desolate marshes, where the approach of an enemy can be readily seen. Here they stand motionless, resting on one leg, either asleep or engaged in deluding some unfortunate fish into the belief that they are, or with fiery eyes fixed upon the water below. The heron or crane is not always the solemn creature it represents itself to be. When numbers of them gather together upon some sandy point, especially on moonlight nights, a perfect transformation occurs. They leap in the air, hop over one another's backs, contorting their long necks, pecking at imaginary enemies in mid-air, then alight and stalk up and down, with mincing tread. Sometimes a number of birds will remain motionless while one will perform, and, then, as if eager to join the dance, the entire party will leap forward, and a scene ensues laughable in the extreme.

It would be difficult to find a more demure bird than the Cock-of-the-Rock (*Rupicola*), of South America It is a little smaller than a good-sized pigeon. The birds are timid, and it is difficult to approach them, their nests being formed up near the rocky beds of streams in inaccessible places. A naturalist succeeded in stealing upon a flock, however, and observed what might be termed a "bird-circus." The group consisted of eight or ten birds, standing upon a large rock in a ring several feet in diameter. All the birds faced the centre, and were evidently watching the performance with the greatest interest. The entertainer of this feathered audience was a single bird who stood in the centre. Extremely sedate in all its actions, it moved about, lifting its claws as high as possible, bowing its head, and spreading its tail, marching around in a circle, leaping solemnly in the air, and going through a variety of ridiculous manœuvres. After the bird seemed to have exhausted its powers as a contortionist, it retired, and took its place among the spectators, another bird or actor stepping into the ring, and evidently trying to exceed the other in the eccentricity of its motions. Now some imaginary enemy was attacked, and violent pecks and wing-strikes made at the empty air, the performer wheeling about, darting quickly this way and that, as if avoiding the adversary's blows, until, exhausted, it fell back into the line, giving way to a fresh performer.—*From a Strange Company, by Dr. C. F. Holder.*

PERPETUAL TEARS.

The discharge of tears from the lachrymal glands is not occasional and accidental, as is commonly supposed, but continuous. It goes on both day and night—though less abundantly at night—through the "conduits," and spreads equally over the surface of the pupil, in virtue of the incessant movement of the lids. After serving its purpose, the flow is carried away by two little drains, situated in that corner of each eye nearest the nose—into which they run—and called the "lachrymal points." The usefulness of this quiet flow of tears to both man and beast is manifest. There is such an immense quantity of fine dust floating in the air and constantly getting into the eyes that, but for it, they would soon become choked. Very little is requisite to keep the ball free, and when some obnoxious substance—smoke, or insect or the like, that affects the nerves—does make its way in, an increased flow is poured out to sweep it away.—*Ex.*

WE MIGHT IF WE WOULD.

All good work is costly work. He who wants to do good work must be willing to do hard work, and to put himself into his work without regard to its cost of time and strength. Even so simple a matter as appearing cheerful before others, as showing considerateness of others, costs many a struggle with one's self, and many an act of self-denial. It is of no use for one to say that it is not in his nature to be cheerful and kindly. The truth in his case is, that he is not willing to be at the cost of making himself cheerful and kindly. We could have a great many more good things than we have, and we could do a great many more good things than we do, if only we were willing to be at the cost of such having and doing.—*S. S. Times.*

BUDDING GENIUS.

THE NEW STATUE OF THE LATE GENERAL GORDON IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

TWO STATUES.

Every reader of the *Messenger*, who is familiar with the lives of these two great men, will be interested in seeing the statues which have recently been raised to their memory.

The Shaftesbury statue has been placed in Westminster Abbey near the western door, and was unveiled last October by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. It is the work of Mr. Boehm, R.A., and was executed from a bust finished by the same artist from life a few years before His Lordship's death. He is represented in the robes of the Garter, with his hands clasped in front. The statue is about eight feet six inches high, and is placed on a marble pedestal, which bears the inscription:—"Anthony Ashley Cooper, Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G. Born April 28th, 1801; died Oct. 1st, 1885. Endeared to his countrymen by a long life in the cause of the helpless and suffering. 'Love—Serve.'" The last two words are the motto of the Shaftesbury family. It is also intended (if funds are available) to erect a bronze drinking fountain in Piccadilly Circus, and to establish a seaside or country home for poor and convalescent children.

The statue of General Gordon is naturally placed among those of other warriors in Trafalgar square, and yet, in deference to the well known nature of the man, there is as little military pomp about it as could possibly be. He appears, says a London paper, in the undress uniform of an English staff officer, wearing a patrol jacket, but without belts, sword, or weapon of any kind, except his famous short rattan cane, or "Wand of Victory," as it came to be called during his famous China campaign. As Mr. Hake tells us in his "Chinese Gordon," weapons he never wore, even in his most daring undertakings. His arms are almost in the folded position, but the right hand is raised up to his chin, while the left firmly grasps a Bible beneath his elbow. At his back is slung a binocular field-glass. He stands firmly on his right foot, the left being placed on a broken cannon, whereby the artist intends to suggest a military environment for the figure and at the same time to express the hero's dislike of bloodshed and war. The whole aspect of the statue is resolute and solitary, but not sad.

In designing the pedestal, which gives the monument a total height of twenty-nine feet, the statue itself being ten feet, six inches, Mr. Thornycroft has received the assistance of Mr. Waterhouse. It is composed of hard Derbyshire limestone, the cornice of which is carved in low relief, with an appropriate ornament and scroll, and inscribed with Gordon's campaigns and victories.

The upper pedestal, or, more properly, sub-plinth, to the statue, is enriched with bronze wreaths and festoons of honor, and provided, with a foresight as practical as, we believe, it is unusual, with means of drainage. The panels at the sides of the base have given the sculptor more opportunity for the display of his rich and delicate poetic fancy than could ever be afforded by a portrait-statue. Here, as in Mr. Alfred Gilbert's monument to Mr. Fawcett in Westminster Abbey, the sculptor has depicted the impersonation of the General's cardinal virtues: Charity and Justice, Fortitude and Faith. The two former appear in the low relief on the right of the base: Charity holding to herself a child whom she has taught to read, while against her stands a little Soudanese boy. Beside them is Justice, holding the scales. In the companion panel Fortitude and Faith stand side by side, the former virtue bearing a shield inscribed with the words: "Right fears no Might."

These two allegorical reliefs are of the utmost beauty, admirable in composition, poetic in fancy, and delicate in sentiment—so much so, indeed, that the learning, and what we may call the lovingness, of the modelling is at once apparent. This is a statue worthy of a hero, a nation, and a sculptor.

OUT OF HIMSELF.

A lawyer of eminence in one of our cities had a son who gave him great anxiety. The young man did not drink; he neither gambled nor yielded to any vice to excess; but, while possessed of undoubted talent, he was light, fickle, "feather-headed," to use the expressive country phrase.

He had no governing motive, no strong foundation of any principle or hope. He was cheerful and affectionate in the family and in society, but he would not work; he had no ambition to succeed in the law, as his father had done, or in any other line of life.

There really seemed to be no reason why he should not begin to drink and gamble to-morrow, and let his shallow life run out into a muddy, miserable end.

One day some accidental circumstance led him to the county gaol. He came out in a fever of indignation at the cruelties exercised upon the inmates, and their utterly neglected and wretched condition—for this was before the days of systematic prison reform. It was incredible to him, in his easy, luxurious life, that such misery existed at all, and that it existed in the midst of a Christian community.

The young man appeared to be startled into an erect, manly attitude. He called a meeting of his influential friends; he presented the case to them with fervid eloquence; he visited not only the gaol, but the county almshouse and insane asylum.

His father was disconcerted and annoyed. He was a respectable, conventional member of society, accustomed to bear good-humoredly with social abuses from which others suffered. He certainly never had expected his son to break forth as a reformer or radical.

But the son was in earnest. He worked at this needed reform for two or three years, until it was accomplished, and then took up his profession with a grave, sincere zeal.

But this was not all. Not only were his moral perceptions awakened, but his soul, also, was roused from its lethargy. The obligation to man, his neighbor, suggested naturally his duty to God; and, humbly and seriously, he entered upon a truly and deeply religious life.

"From a frivolous boy he has suddenly become a Christian man," said his father, "and the gaol has done it. How, I do not know. But the gaol has done it."

A call to some great work, no matter what, provided it is unselfish, is the best help which can come to a young man when beginning life. It lifts him immediately out of his petty self-conceit, sets him on a height—a level of noble thought and feeling from which he never will willingly descend. It summons his scattered, idle, sleeping faculties, as a trumpet calls the disorderly troops in bivouac, drills, disciplines them, gives them a purpose in the world's great struggle.

Fathers cannot always choose this call or purpose for their sons. But God in some wise sends it to every young man, though many refuse to answer the summons.—*Youth's Companion.*

GOOD-BREEDING.

Courtesy does for human intercourse what salt, according to the boy, does for potatoes. Being asked to define that useful mineral, he answered: "Salt's what makes pertaters don't taste good when you don't put any on 'em." Little civilities give a relish to social associations, and, when practised, they beget that habit of courtesy which is a second nature.

In a letter to the Boston *Record*, Marion Harland says that the education in politeness should begin in childhood. The boy should be taught, from the time he dons his first knickerbockers, to rise when his mother enters the room, and remain standing until she takes the chair he offers.

He should rise when receiving anything from her hand, and be reprimanded when he passes between two people who are conversing together, or between anyone and the fire, or walks out of a door before the ladies of the company, who are moving in the same direction as himself. He should be taught to raise his hat when saluting a lady on the street.

THE NEW STATUE OF THE LATE LORD SHAFTESBURY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MY GIRL.

A little corner with its crib,
A little mug, a spoon, a bib,
A little tooth so pearly white,
A little rubber ring to bite.

A little plate all lettered round,
A little rattle to resound,
A little creeping—see! she stands!
A little step 'twixt outstretched hands.

A little doll with flaxen hair,
A little willow rocking chair,
A little dress of richest hue,
A little pair of gaiters blue.

A little school day after day,
A "little schoolma'am" to obey,
A little study—soon 'tis past—
A little graduate at last.

A little muff for winter weather,
A little jockey hat and feather,
A little sack with funny pockets,
A little chain, a ring, and lockets,

A little while to dance and bow,
A little escort homeward now,
A little party, somewhat late,
A little lingering at the gate.

A little walk in leafy June,
A little talk while shines the moon,
A little reference to papa,
A little planning with mamma.

A little ceremony grave,
A little struggle to be brave,
A little cottage on a lawn,
A little kiss—my girl was gone!

—*Selected.*

FOUR "STATIONS OF TERROR."

Midway between Teheran, the capital of Persia, and the holy city of Meshed, in Northern Khorassan, my bicycle tour around the world led me through the "Four Stations of Terror." These places are Shahrood, Mijamid, Miandasht and Abbas-abad, towns on the pilgrim and caravan road to Meshed, and the sanctuary of a Mohammedan saint named Imam Riza.

The road leads through a portion of the Shah of Persia's territory, that a few years ago was the chief field of operations for the Turkoman man-stealers of Merv and Khiva. The above named places were called the Four Stations of Terror, because they are situated in the region most accessible to Turkoman raiders, and were consequently the greatest sufferers from their depredations.

I was forcibly impressed by the extraordinary precautions the people had to take to avoid being captured by the Turkomans, and carried off into slavery. Since the Russians captured Khiva and Merv, and suppressed slavery there, the raids of the terrible man-stealers have ceased, but the evidences of their work remain.

The man-stealing raids of the Turkomans were called *alamans*, and the horses they used to ride on these *alamans* are famous throughout Asia for their marvellous speed and endurance. The Turkoman horse is a long-legged, raw-boned animal, that one would never imagine capable of such performances; but they have been known frequently to cover a hundred miles a day, for eight or ten consecutive days.

In the Shah of Persia's present stud are Turkoman horses that have travelled eight hundred miles, over the bad roads of that country, in eight days. Day after day, halting only for a few hours daily, to nibble the grass and obtain a drink of water, these wonderful steeds pursue their way across sandy desert and rocky mountain, bearing up as though they were things of iron, instead of flesh and blood.

Mounted on these matchless horses, the Turkoman bands would swoop down, almost as swiftly and suddenly as eagles, upon some peaceful Persian village, gather up the most desirable young men and maidens, and carry them off to the slave-markets of Turkestan, Bokhara and Khiva.

I found all the fields in the vicinity of the Four Stations of Terror dotted with little towers of refuge for the laborers working in the fields to flee to whenever the dreaded human hawks swooped down upon them unawares. The towers are circular buildings, about twenty feet high, and built strongly of adobe or sun burnt brick.

They are often found scattered all about the fields but a few hundred yards apart, so that, at the first alarm of the Turkomans, the Persian ryot could scurry into the nearest tower, like a rabbit into its hole at the approach of a dog.

I examined a good many of these towers, and found the entrance a mere hole to crawl through, on the hands and knees; at the bottom of the wall. The smallness of the entrance made the towers easy to defend from within. The interior was capable of sheltering about twenty people.

Being regarded as a mere temporary retreat, the towers had no roof, nor accommodations of any kind for personal comfort. Rude steps led to a sort of projecting platform where the refugees could stand and look out, or if they had guns, defend themselves until relief arrived.

In the grazing districts, the towers of temporary refuge were surrounded by a second adobe wall, about half as high as the tower, inclosing a space large enough to shelter several hundred sheep or goats. The shepherds carried guns, or bows and arrows, and were always prepared at a moment's notice to hurry their flocks into the inclosures and resist the Turkomans.

On the grazing lands the towers of refuge were necessarily farther apart, and longer time was required for rounding up the flocks. The watchfulness of the shepherds was therefore supplemented by look-outs stationed on the peaks of the adjacent mountains and various points of observation overlooking the valleys.

The little round watch-towers perched on the highest peaks of the hills are conspicuous objects of the landscape about the Four Stations of Terror. When these elevated watchmen saw any conspicuous horsemen appear within the scope of their observation, they would communicate the fact by well-understood signals to the shepherds below, who would immediately hurry with their flocks to the nearest towers of refuge. The Four Stations of Terror are surrounded with thick, strong walls of adobe, and entrance is gained through ponderous wooden gates sheeted with iron. The walls are about thirty feet high, and the houses are built against the wall inside, so that in case of attack, the men could congregate on the flat roofs and shoot at the Turkomans through loop-holes or over the top.

STATIONS OF TERROR.

Inside the wall are accommodations for all the flocks and herds, which are still brought in every night. Attached to the towns are huge brick caravansaries, for the shelter and protection of caravans and travellers. At Miandasht and Abbas-abad even these caravansaries are enclosed by the great, protecting wall.

Some of the neighboring villages are very interesting and curious specimens of defensive architecture. The most interesting of these I saw at a place called Lasgird. It consisted of a huge circular tower, built of mud and adobe, about a hundred feet high, and two hundred yards in circumference. The tower was perched on a high mound, which was evidently formed of the ruins of former towers. For the first fifty feet the tower formed a solid wall, without door or window, save one narrow entrance, guarded by a door formed of one massive stone slab. This door opened into a low, gloomy passage-way that led into the interior of the tower.

Upon entering the gate and traversing the passage, I found myself in the middle of a kind of rude amphitheatre, with the mud-houses rising in tiers against the wall, row above row, like the cells of some huge circular prison.

Steps led from tier to tier, and narrow footways led the whole way round each story. The central portion of the tower was reserved for the sheep and goats and work-oxen of the villagers. At the first alarm of an *alaman* in the neighborhood, the people of Lasgird would hurriedly gather their animals, and repair within this huge tower. With the massive stone door closed and barricaded, and everybody inside, they were quite secure against such light-armed foes as the Turkomans.

Above the first fifty feet the tower was provided with numbers of small openings, with which musketeers or bow-men could make things quite lively for the Turkomans if they came within range. These vast mud fortresses, rising above the plain, surrounded on all sides with hundreds of the smaller field-towers, look very curious.

At every village the people would bring to me men and women who had been carried off by the Turkomans, and, years after, liberated by the Russians. Some of them would show me scars on their wrists, where the thongs that bound them to the saddles of their savage captors had cut into the flesh.

At Mijamid they showed me an old man whose eyes had been put out by the Bokharians, to prevent him ever finding his way back to Persia. No wonder the poor Persians took such extraordinary precautions against being carried off!—*Thomas Stevens, in Youth's Companion.*

CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN.

The type of Christianity now growing up in Japan is intensely missionary. In almost every individual church the members combine to carry the Gospel to their unconverted friends and neighbors. Many of the churches have regular preaching places in the localities lying outside their own congregational limits. Already numerous home missionary boards and societies have been organized and are in full operation. This missionary spirit must soon make itself felt abroad. Indeed, attempts have been made already to organize foreign missionary societies, but they have failed because of the great pressure upon the Church from the necessities of the work at home; and, no doubt, this will be the case for many years to come. The Japanese Church will be so occupied with the work at home that it cannot give much attention to foreign work. It is probably true also that in case Japanese missionaries should be sent to China their influence would not be so great as that of missionaries coming from countries that have been Christian for a long time, but it cannot be doubted that if Japan should become thoroughly Christianized, the fact would have a great influence in favor of Christianity in China. The mere fact that a great nation like Japan should become practically a Christian nation as the result of missionary effort would prove a great stimulus both to the churches at home and to those laboring in other fields.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

ASPHALT LAKE OF TRINIDAD.

Asphalt is a substance as familiar now as are its related substances, coal and petroleum. It is used in great quantities for paving streets and roofing houses. A large part of the supply is brought from the lake of La Brea in the island of Trinidad. This lake is said to have been discovered in 1595 by Sir Walter Raleigh, who employed the pitch found there in calking his ships.

This wonderful bituminous sheet has an area of nearly one hundred acres, between elevations close to the hill-top. It is a broad surface of pitch, seamed with small channels of water.

The pitch is dug from the hardened top, and the quantity taken away is constantly replenished by the soft asphalt oozing up from below, which becomes hardened by the evaporation of its constituent oil in the sun. Night supplies the exhaustion of day.

The method of skimming the great bowl may be illustrated by comparing it to a pond from which blocks of ice have been cut, and the water solidified again by the action of frost, the difference being that heat is the agent in one case, and cold in the other.—*Ex.*

"DON'T HOLD BACK FROM LETTING HIM USE YOU."

If the prayer, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" follows upon the glad avowal, "O Lord, truly I am Thy servant!" the answering direction will not be long delayed, "Son, go work to-day in My vineyard!" Let it never be forgotten that discipleship implies service as well as learning, and to those who labor, a growing knowledge of the Lord's will is given.

"Don't hold back from letting him use you!" He has ordained that his servants shall be the agents of blessing—conduits through which life and love shall reach the hearts of others; and the crying need of the world is the sacred ministry of deeds kindly and lowly, and words tender and true. It is impossible to withhold this ministry without unfaithfulness to the most solemn of obligations.

How will he use me? This is the anxious question of many, but the answer will come! We must not expect a full revelation of the whole work of a lifetime, but we may look for the indications of the duty which lies next to-hand. Few, if any, who have been greatly used of God, were permitted a foreshadowing of the greatness of their work. They did not hold back from letting him use them, and so the work grew to their hands, and they now read the purpose and the prophecy in the record of their surprising triumphs.

A minister, preaching to a colored congregation in one of the Southern States, urged his hearers to give themselves to missionary work. The sermon produced a wonderful effect, for one of the most recent converts sprang to his feet, and exclaimed—"Then, me be a missionary!" Knowing the good brother to have had no education, the minister bade him sit down, remarking—"No, no, Sambo; you only know the A B C. You cannot be a missionary!"

Severe as was the rebuff, Sambo's zeal, so newly kindled, was not to be quenched, and maintaining his posture, he exclaimed—"Me only know de A B C? Dere's a nigger ober dere dat don't know de A B C! Me teach that nigger de A B C! Me be a missionary!"

If all who know the A B C of the Gospel would seek out those who fall short of this attainment, how vast an influence for good would be exerted upon the community!

Our blessed Master "set his face steadfastly to go up to Jerusalem," and he has left us an example that we should follow in his steps! If in that path he found a cross and a tomb, these were but stepping stones in the way to the throne and the crown; and if we suffer with him, we shall also be glorified together. Instead of holding back, let the song of the poet be the historic record of a resolution which has passed into action.

"I love to kiss each print where Christ did set
His pilgrim feet.
Nor can I fear that blessed path whose traces
are so sweet!"

"Don't hold back from letting him use you!" and then the joy of being "approved of him" will be the fitting crown of being "accepted in the Beloved!"

"Dismiss me not, Thy service, Lord,
But train me for Thy will;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfil;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve Thee still.

"Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing his service, every one
Share, too, His Sonship may;
Lord, I would serve and be a son;
Dismiss me not, I pray."

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

IN THE DAYS OF THE GREAT ARMADA.

(By Crona Temple in Sunday at Home.)

CHAPTER VI.—*(Continued.)*

Effingham, the courteous admiral, bit his lips, and held his peace. His kinsman, Lord Thomas Howard, raged and tore, not two cables' length away, in his ship the "Golden Lion." It was maddening to lie with flapping sails, on an oily sea, almost within hailing distance of their enemies.

"The boats, my lord, the boats might do it." So spoke Robert Bulteel.

"Boats' crews board those floating castles? scarcely so, I think," returned Effingham, measuring with his eye the towering Spanish galleons, whose decks and turrets were crowded with armed men, visible enough, although out of reach.

"By towing," rejoined Robert. "We have strength enough, surely; and our ships are but light compared with those yonder. We might easily tow them just where your lordship desires them to be."

The admiral turned his pair of splendid black eyes full on Robert, and his glance spoke volumes although no word said he, at least to him just then. But presently the order was given, and Lord Thomas had to stop his stamping rage, and get the "Golden Lion" forward by the help of the strong arms of her crew, and three or four stout hawsers from her bows.

And the end of that affair was that the English "spurs" struck home again, while the "great shot" of the Spaniards whistled yards too high to work much harm; though when the vessels came to close quarters the Spanish musketeers galled the English terribly. But notwithstanding this the "Santa Anna" fell a prize to Howard in spite of all that her unwieldy consorts could do to protect her.

That night Robert Bulteel lay in his berth faint and pallid, but a proud-hearted man! The admiral had knighted him with his own good sword, as he had his sovereign's special commission to do, "in reward for acts of signal valor." He was "Sir Robert Bulteel," but he had a musket-ball in the left shoulder, and had been drained of half the blood in his body.

He had pulled an oar in the foremost boat, and so had earned his honors and his wound: and earned also a few quiet words of Effingham's praise, words which pleased him more just then than the touch of the sword on his shoulder, or the sound of the unwonted title. For Howard of Effingham had that great secret of success as a commander—the power of winning the enthusiastic love of all who served under his flag.

He had also the kindred gifts of remembrance of small things, of words and faces.

He had not forgotten Dan Lavin, and his sloop, the "Saucy Susan."

On the 27th of July, the Spaniards had made good their way as far as Calais. Here in as sheltered a position as he could find the Duke of Medina cast anchor.

He wanted a little breathing space: a little time to refit and repair damages. He sent messengers to Parma, bidding him put to sea with his army, "which the Spanish fleet would protect as it were under her wings till it were landed in England."

There, just off the French coast, lay the "Invincible Armada;" looking splendid and powerful enough yet for the conquest of all Britain in spite of what Effingham and his sea-dogs had done against it, the silken banners still flew in the wind, the gilding upon the prows and "towers" was as bright as ever it had been. The "San Mattio," the "Santa Anna," and two or three frigates had been lost it is true, but King Philip must have expected to pay some price for the gratification of his daring ambition:—the conquest of England could scarcely be a costless game.

So the Duke of Medina ranged and rearranged his floating castles there in the narrow seas; looking meanwhile at the cliffs of Kent white and fair in the morning sun; and glancing, not quite so contentedly, at the vessels of Effingham's fleet which were lying well in sight. The English also were pausing to gather up their strength for the last struggle, the greatest and most terrible of all.

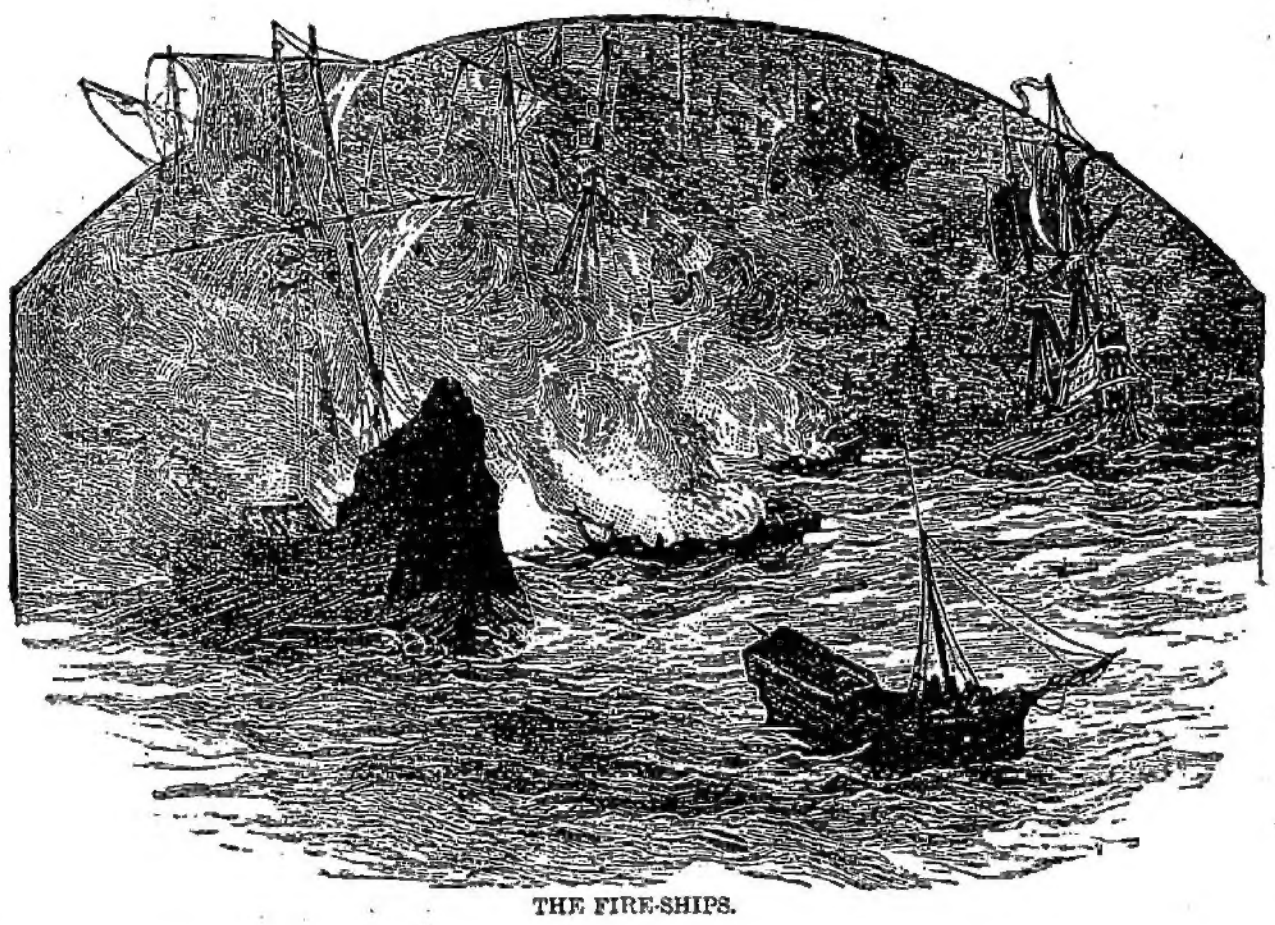
It was then that the English admiral remembered Dan Lavin's shout, "Set her a-fire, my lord! Her cargo of pitch will prove a torch for the rest to dance to."

The "Saucy Susan" and a few other such small craft, blazing "fathoms high" as Lavin had said, would prove very pretty emissaries against that wall of anchored galleons.

It was worth thinking about. Many a time in former sea-fights, had fire-ships done good work; why not try them now?

Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Cecil, Howard; and a few other of the leading captains were summoned on board the "Ark-Raleigh." It must have been a fine sight to see those ardent and war-worn men holding conference, while the issues of events yet hung in so ticklish a balance. They were making English history there; and perhaps they knew it!—although, more likely in their simple, honest souls, they thought only of doing the work they had to do, and cared very little for anything just then, but their ships, the Spaniards, and the queen.

The wind blew fresh west-north-west; there were ugly-looking clouds lurking low on the edge of the sea. "A gale," said more than one sailor to his mate, as he marked the sky-signs, and heard the uneasy rattle of the rigging above his head. "A battle and a gale together! well, our tight craft will walk through it better than the strangers yonder, with those high-sided tubs of theirs. But the night looks awkward." And presently it looked more awkward still.



THE FIRE-SHIPS.

Eight of the smallest of the English fleet were being crammed with every attainable combustible; pitch, rosin, brimstone, oil, anything and everything that would flare and flame in the strong and rising wind.

And then Lavin—with Earle Clatworthy in his boat—and the owners and captains of the rest, got out their hawsers, and towed these eight exactly to windward of the centre of the great block of blackness, out of which the Spanish masts rose like reeds by the river-side.

Then at midnight, when silence had sunk over the shore and the sea, suddenly as with one flash, the saturated ships burst into light and flame.

Higher and higher the red tongues reached, wrapping mast and spar in their fiery cloak, licking up the shrivelling rigging with their fierce breath. Dan Lavin was right, a cargo of pitch-pine and tar can burn and blaze, and hold a torch that can light up very wonderful "dancing" indeed.

Nearer and nearer, drifting full upon the Spanish fleet, those fire-ships came, driven fast and furious by the wind. Dense volumes of smoke rolled low upon the waves, and through and above that smoke the fire-tongues leapt and sprang. Surely a more awful onslaught than any that Effingham and all his crews had managed to make from Plymouth to Dungeness!

Far and wide the blaze was reflected; the waves themselves seemed tipped with fire; the low clouds caught the blood-red hue. And through the smoke and fire came, hot and fast, the English cannonade.

The "Ark-Raleigh," the "Golden Lion," the "Bear," the "Mary Rose," and a score of other British ships were speaking again, death and destruction in every roar from their hoarse iron throats. The night was hideous with this noisy storm of fire and shot. The Spaniards were roused in earnest now.

In vain the cumbrous craft strove to weigh anchor with all speed; the haste and confusion threw them against the very danger they sought to avoid. The flaring sides of the "Saucy Susan" scorched more than one gilded galleon, and sent them crashing one against another in a panic of fear and dismay. Cables were cut, and anchors lost, and the great outcry drowned all orders, making the few cool heads and courageous hearts as hopeless as the terrified crowd that tugged madly at ropes, and strove to shake out sails.

And moment by moment the storm rose. Louder and louder the wind moaned and howled. On their lee were the shoals and shallows of the French shore; and ever nearer and faster came the fiery squadron, and the savage cannon-mouths of the English broadsides.

What could Medina do but fly before the howling tempest that had burst on him?

More than one of his great galleons went ashore there and then, presently to be boarded and taken by the foe—the crew and soldiers slain, and the treasures and stores pillaged. But the bulk of the huge Armada got clear of the shallows into the wider waters of the North Sea. And there the full force of the gale fell on the devoted ships.

"Let them go," said Effingham, when the dawn showed him fully what had befallen. Their hearts have failed them. They will trouble England no more."

CHAPTER VII.

"Their hearts had failed them." Effingham's words were true. The pride and courage of Spain had broken, broken as a stately tree may be snapped by a hurricane. It was no longer a mighty fleet in orderly array, but a mob of ships, torn and shattered, that ran before the gale into the stormy waters of the North Sea.

"Their hearts have failed them." Yes; it was in vain that Medina strove to rally some few, at least, of his huge craft, and collect strength enough to force the straits in the teeth of the wind and the English.

"He is mad," those highborn and most terrified Dons said as they heard his useless orders and frantic pleadings. "Mad! for who but a madman could talk of taking ships vast as ours through narrow seas into the actual jaws of death? The English—we are men, and can fight with men—we could master the English; but who can battle with the tempest? Who can sail against the wind? Who can control this evil storm?"

So northward they sailed, more willing to face the dangerous navigation round the whole British Isles than to face again those fatal straits.

Disasters fell on them thick and fast.

The wild currents and tide-eddies amongst the western Islands baffled them. Dozens of ships were lost on the coasts of Scotland and of Ireland; hundreds of soldiers and seamen were drowned, and hundreds more, reaching land with pain and peril, only met with a more horrible death from the fury or the avarice of the wild clans of the west.

The old historian, Camden, thus sums up the matter in his quaint language:—"This great Armada, which had been three complete years in rigging and preparing, with infinite expense, was, within one month's space, many times fought with, and at the last overthrown; not an hundred men of the English being missing, nor any one ship lost (for all the shot from the tall Spanish ships flew quite over the English) and after it had been driven round about all Britain, by Scotland, the Orkneys, and Ireland, grievously tossed and very much distressed, impaired and mangled by storms and wrecks, the remnant enduring all manner of miseries, at length returned home with shame and dishonor."

And meanwhile the bells that Doris had heard clanged out their tale of deliverance and joy. And Queen Elizabeth went in high state to "Paul's Church" through the city streets, which were all hung with blue, and there she and her people returned solemn thanks to God—as, indeed, they had good cause to do.

There was wonderful rejoicing through England in the days that followed.

The lifting of the cloud of uncertainty and fear that had hung over the nation for years was in itself a blessing for which to be glad. No one would dare to invade the land now; Philip and the rest of the jealous Catholic kings had received their lesson. England and her religion were safe.

And over the victory itself the nation went wild with joy. The storm had done much: the elements had fought against the Spanish, it is true, but the valor of English seamen had done its work before ever the storm arose. The army had not drawn a sword, but every man felt certain as to what the army would have done had the enemy made good his footing on English soil! And as for the queen—perhaps never before or since has sovereign been so firmly fixed in the proud hearts of a people.

On her side Elizabeth did not do all that she might have done for the men who had served her with such ardor. But she showered honors and rewards on the Admiral and his captains. She thanked the volunteers who had fitted out ships at their private cost; and who had themselves sailed off to the fighting, being ready to risk, not only their ships and their substance, but their very lives to defend their country and their faith.

(To be Continued.)

A LEGEND.

There is a legend of a monk to whom in his chamber the Lord appeared in a vision, bringing great peace and joy to his heart. Scarcely had he been thus favored for a few moments, when the bell summoned him to the duty of distributing bread to the poor. For a moment he hesitated; but he went to his work. "Oh, what a sacrifice to leave this glorious vision for the dull routine of duty!" Returning to his cell, what was his joy to find the vision of the Lord as before, and to be met with the greeting, "Hadst thou tarried, I had departed."

Thus we are taught, that it is sin, not work, which separates us from Christ.

OUR PRIZE BIBLE COMPETITION.

THE CLOSE OF THE CONTEST.

It is now our great pleasure to announce the results of the most successful Bible competition the *Northern Messenger* has ever had. No less than two hundred and ninety-five young people have taken part with a faithfulness that cannot be too highly commended. Of these 173 were girls and 104 boys. Eighteen others there were, however, who entirely forgot to give their names, and still a few more gave their names but no address.

The extent of territory over which these young Bible students are scattered will be seen from the following :—From Ontario, 127 ; Quebec, 36 ; Nova Scotia, 32 ; New Brunswick, 10; New York, 18 ; Michigan, 8 ; Prince Edward Island, 6 ; Manitoba, 4 ; North West Territory, 2 ; Minnesota, 2 ; Pennsylvania, 3 ; Kansas, 2 ; Illinois, 3 ; Ohio, 2 ; Washington Territory, 1 ; Missouri, 1 ; Texas, 1 ; Indiana, 1 ; Maryland, 1; Dakota, 1 ; Ireland, 1.

The competition, it will be remembered, extended over the whole of last year, two or three questions being given in each number. The total number of questions given was seventy-five, but, owing to some slight misunderstanding, perhaps because we did not state the matter clearly enough to begin with, a number were not sure whether the questions in the Jan. 13th. number were included, so to give all an equal chance these were left out of the count, as were also the last four questions, and the enigma in the second number. This left, therefore, sixty-three questions on which the competitors were to be examined. And now for

THE RESULTS.

The highest number of marks, out of the possible sixty-three, were 61½, taken by MASTER GEORGE PAULL, Yeovil, Ont.

The next two, MASTER JOHN REID, Harty's Station, Ont., and MASTER AUSTIN LEWIS MCCREDIE, Lyons, Ont., were equal, each taking 61 marks.

The third prize also has two claimants. MASTER JOHN LE COUTEUR LE GRAND, and MASTER ELIAS WILLIAM LE GRAND, Paspebiac, Que., each taking 60½. All the first five are boys ! Well done, boys! Who will say now that girls are much more generally ahead. But the young ladies are very little behind, and the following three deserve

SPECIAL MENTION.

MISS JESSIE E. HEPBURN, Gaynor City, Missouri. MISS MARY I. MACLENNAN, Owen Sound, Ont., MISS EFFIE A. MEIKLEJOHN, Wellman's Corner, Ont.

These three are only one half mark behind the last prize men, each of them having sixty questions quite correct.

The following ninety-two are also well deserving of

HONORABLE MENTION,

all having given correct answers to between fifty and sixty questions. We have much pleasure in giving their names and the marks taken by each :—

Christina A. McKell, Prince Edward Island, 51 ; Lizzie A. Ogden, New Brunswick, 50; Laura A. Newcomb, Nova Scotia, 58; Emily Macnab, Ontario, 59½ ; Rebecca J. McDonald, Ontario, 58 ; Nellie Redmond, Nova Scotia, 56½ ; Anna Magaw, Ohio. 59; James M. McCarter, Ontario, 51½ ; Francis McNaughton, Quebec, 51 ; Mary McClelland, Michigan, 59 ; Annie Parson, Ontario, 57 ; Elizabeth McL. Patton, Quebec, 50½ ; Conchessah Pepper, Ontario, 52½ ; Archie G. Sinclair Ontario, 59 ; William A. Johnston, New Brunswick, 50½ ; M. Ella Williams, Quebec, 55 ; Maggie J. Duff, Quebec, 51 ; James Davis, New Brunswick, 58 ; Willie J. Dillane, Ontario, 52; Bella Donn, Quebec, 57½ ; Alice M. Dean, Quebec, 50 George O. Fisher, New York, 57½ ; Walter J Fordice, Quebec, 55½ ; Frankie Brunskill, Ontario 57 ; Helen Humphries, Ontario, 52½ ; Edith Binnie, Ontario, 55 ; Flora A. Bryant, Quebec, 56 ; Ella J. Bagnall, Prince Edward Island, 57½ ; Jessie W Cook, New York, 52 ; Anna R. Cutts, Ohio, 57½ ; Flora Colburn, Nova Scotia, 51 ; Lota H. Laskie, New Brunswick, 57½ ; Loui G. Hamilton, Nova Scotia, 51½ ; Willie F. Coffin, Prince Edward Island, 55 ; Norman L. Cook, Nova Scotia, 51 ; Maggie M. Campbell, Ontario, 51½ ; Willie R. Crone, Ontario, 52½ ; Maggie Lowrie, New York, 57 ; Nellie Cowan, Ontario, 58 ; Winnie Elliott, Ontario, 51½ ; Jennie Wittet, Ontario, 53½ ; Christina Savage, Quebec, 56 ; T. Henry Hepburn, Missouri, 59½ ; Hattie Williams, Ontario, 50½ ; Mary E. Williams, Ontario 52½ ; Carrie D. Wheeldon, New York, 50½ ; James Wilson, Ontario, 59½ ; Adelbert E. Webb, Quebec, 51 ; Lucila Guthrie, New York, 56½ ; Aggie Guthrie, New York, 58 ; Charles Hunt, Ontario, 50½ ; Walter G. Robinson, Ontario, 55 ; Maggie H. Relyea, Ontario, 59 ; Jessie Rankin, Ontario, 56 ; Charles Rooney, Quebec, 54 ; Stella F. Slemtz, Pennsylvania, 54½ ; Willie C. Smith, Ontario, 59 ; Henry J. M. Smith, Quebec, 57½ ; Cora Shields, New York, 56½ ; Bert Sprole, Ontario, 57 ; Ernest M. Tracy, Allegheny, 58 ; Maude Tomlinson, Ontario, 54 ; John J. Tannahill, Quebec, 55 ; Simon S. Terwillijer, New York, 59½ ; Genevieve Townsend, Michigan, 57 ; Ellen C. Allan, Ontario, 55½ ; Mabel F. Awde, Quebec, 55 ; Thomas A. Allan, Ontario, 54½ ; James H. Addison, Prince Edward Island, 55½ ; William Allan, Ontario, 53 ; Robbie Atkinson, New York, 57½ ; James T. Bartran, Ontario, 59½ ; Gracie H. Barton, Illinois, 58; Mary Brims, Quebec, 54½ ; George M. Bryce, Ontario, 50 ; Nellie Blain, Ontario, 59½ ; Adah E. Henderson, Ontario, 56½ ; Eva Homenway, Ontario, 55 ; Bessie Hale, New York, 56 ; Alice M. Hume, Ontario, 56; Lily Ham, Ontario, 59½ James McLaughlin, Nova Scotia, 57½ ; Francis B. Standen, Ontario, 55½ ; Helen E. Jones, New York, 58 ; John W. Kerr, Ontario, 57 ; Minnie B. Longley, Nova Scotia, 53½ ; Janet E. McDonald, Ontario, 57 ; Maggie Young, Michigan, 58½ ; Amelia M. Anderson, Ontario, 59½ ; Maggie Northwood, Ontario, 58½ ; Bessie M. Scott, Ontario, 57.

COMPETITORS ANSWERING UNDER FIFTY.

Those taking under fifty marks are :—

Nettie Bruce, Ontario ; Jeannette Brownell, Quebec ; Elsie Rankin, Ontario ; George Garbutt, Ontario ; Lena Fraser, Nova Scotia ; Maggie N. Graham, Ireland ; Edith L. Baird, New Brunswick ; Laura Hockin, Ontario ; S. Wilbert Hill, Nova Scotia ; Lillie E. Webster, Ontario ; Maggie Weeks, Ontario ; Maggie Fleming, Ontario ; Arthur W. Fisher, Minnesota ; Robert W. Fleming, Nova Scotia ; Aubrey Fullerton, Nova Scotia ; Mary Brown, Ontario ; G. F Carruthers, Ontario ; Alex. A. Chisholm, Nova Scotia ; Percy Morrison, Ontario ; Euphemia Nutbrown, Quebec ; Jessie Lawson, Ontario ; Edith L. Marry, New York ; W. J. McKelry, New York ; Bessie Lauren, New York ; John O. Rice, New York ; Robert R. Racey, Quebec ; Sarah Brown, Minnesota Agnes G. Phillips, New Brunswick ; Charles F Nelson, North-West Territory . Bert Anderson, Ontario ; Alice McCutcheon Quebec ; Mary Christina Kidd, Ontario ; Robert G. Johnston Ontario ; Stanley Crawford, New York ; Minnie S. Wheeler, Quebec ; Mildred M. C. Wainwright, Quebec ; Jennie Watson, Ontario ; Helen Humphries, Ontario ; James B. Campbell, Ontario ; Katie A. Stewart, Ontario ; Gertrude J. Brown, Nova Scotia ; Wilford Watson Jonah, New Brunswick ; Henry Cole Sloan, Ontario ; Margaret Ann Macartney, Ontario ; Eliza Morrow, Michigan ; Arthur Fairbairn, Ontario ; Mary B. Daniel. Nova Scotia ; Hattie Wells, Ontario ; Dwight M. Warren, New York ; M. E. Walker, ——— ; Arthur J. Reesor, Ontario ; Verna E. Trucsdell, Pennsylvania ; Ernest M. Straight, New Brunswick ; Absalom Shelby, Ontario ; Amanda Sterling, Nova Scotia ; Elsie E. Swain, Grafton ; Minnie Smith, Ontario ; Katie M. Robson, Ontario , Margaret Robinson, Texas ; William Roy, Quebec ; George M. Routley, Ontario ; Florence Taggart, Quebec ; Mrs. George Thexton, Ontario ; S. Wilbert Hill, Nova Scotia ; Lina H. Surin, Nova Scotia ; Riley M. Stormont, Indiana ; Katie E. Richards, Maryland ; Maggie H. Relyea, Ontario ; George H. Tomlinson, Ontario ; Lizzie Curry, Quebec ; Alonzo N. Clark, Ontario ; Jessie W. Cook, New York ; Stanley Crawford, New York ; Eliza M. Christison, Nova Scotia ; James W. Chapman, Ontario ; Bella Cavers, Quebec ; Bella F. Christie, Ontario ; Anna L. Hill, Nova Scotia ; John T. Hawes, Ontario ; Eliza M. Hough, Ontario ; Lester B. Hill, Nova Scotia ; Josephine Hines, Nova Scotia ; William Hynes, Ontario ; Rodgers Hilton, Nova Scotia ; Elsie Hall, ——— ; Mrs. J. Walker, Ontario , Georgie M. Whidden, Nova Scotia ; Hattie Wells, Ontario ; Maud A. Whitcomb, Quebec ; Eva E. Walker, Sullivan ; Jennie Wittet, Ontario ; Lizzie White, Ontario ; Minnie A. Wilson, Ontario ; Alice Whiteside, Ontario ; Minnie S. Wheeler, Quebec ; Alma Dannvill, Quebec ; Jennie Donaldson, Ontario ; Christina J. Doner, Ontario ; William G. Dinwoodie, Ontario ; Willie Jenkin, Dakota ; Willie J. Dillane, Freecastle ; Willie Findlay, Quebec ; Lenora Ferguson, Ontario ; Martha L. Faulkner, Nova Scotia ; Mary Brown, Ontario ; Olive Biddison, Kansas ; Lottie Blanchard, Michigan ; Minnie Bursell, Newfoundland ; Lizzie Bagnall, Prince Edward Island ; Martha Larocque, Ontario ; Aggie Becket, Ontario ; Gracie H. Barton, Illinois ; George M. Bryce, Ontario ; Nettie Bruce, Ontario ; Bertha Butler, Nova Scotia ; Kittie Bernard, Nova Scotia ; Hannah Bowes, Ontario ; James Buchanan, Ontario ; T. Buckton, Ontario ; Minnie Giebner, Ontario ; William Gilbert, Ontario ; Sadie Graham, Ontario ; Hannah E. Greene, ——— ; Fannie Grummett, Ontario ; Margaret G. Orford, Ontario ; Maude J. Trusler, Ontario ; Lillie Roberts, Michigan ; Andrew Ronald, Ontario ; Electa Rosebro, Kansas ; Nellie M. Presley, Michigan ; Bell Price, Ontario ; Eliza A. Morrow, Michigan ; Lottie McLaurin, Ontario ; John Mahon, Ontario ; Nellie Murray, Nova Scotia ; Hilliard S. Neilson, Ontario ; Minnie Nelson, Ontario ; Helen C. O'Brien, Nova Scotia ; John H. Anderson, Ontario ; Harry C. Archibald, Nova Scotia ; John A. Campbell, Ontario ; Henry Jefferries Ashe, Manitoba ; Maud Allen, Ontario ; Freddie Anderson, Ontario ; Reggie Abbott, Ontario ; Agnes Arbuckle, Ontario ; Cyrus Baldwin, Ontario ; Edith Longfellow Baird, New Brunswick ; Aletha E. Merrit, Ontario ; Mary McBeath, New Brunswick ; M. MacEwen, Ontario ; Talmage R. McMillan, Prince Edward Island ; Agnes B. Macpherson, Ontario ; Susie L. Lindsay, Nova Scotia , J. McGregor, Nova Scotia ; Percy Morrison, Ontario ; Aggie Mooney, Ontario ; Kenneth L. Jardine, Ontario ; Edith Johnson, Ontario ; Nettie Lockerby, Quebec ; Lewis W. Lamb, Ontario ; Eliza C. Kenning, Ontario ; Adam Keys, North West Territory ; Fred Pritchard, Quebec ; George E. Pentland, Ontario ; Hidley Petland, Ontario ; James W. Meldrum, Quebec ; Robert McTaggart, Ontario ; Elsie McNeil, Prince Edward Island ; Ellen Messer, New Brunswick ; Alice M. Martin, Manitoba ; Robert Mills, Ontario ; Lewis A. Morris, Washington Territory ; John May, Quebec ; Nettie Milligan, Manitoba ; Alice McKell, Quebec ; Lewis McCracken, Illinois ; John MacIntyre, Ontario ; Jessie Linklater, Manitoba ; Robert Blackwood Layton, Nova Scotia ; Birdie Lavers, Quebec ; Flora McGillvary, Ontario ; Amos Mitchell, Nova Scotia.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT IT.

From all quarters we have had, from the competitors, the most cordial expressions of their pleasure in the work. One young lady writes from Nova Scotia :

"I am glad to tell you that I have taken great pleasure in the Bible Questions during the past year. I have answered them all as well as I could, and in searching for the answers I have learned a great deal about the Bible that I never knew before. I hope the others have enjoyed the work as much as I have.

Your friend, NELLIE REDMOND."

Another writes :—

"I have enjoyed the Bible Questions very much. JOHN LE C. LE GRAND."

A third tells us :—

"Though we have not sent answers for some time yet we have found them regularly as part of our Sabbath School task, and a thoroughly enjoyed part, too. I highly esteem the *Messenger* as a real Sunday School paper and intend getting up a club for 1889. M. E. WALKER."

Still another says :

"I wish to thank you again for giving those Bible Questions. I, at least, am very glad to have had the opportunity of answering them and am only sorry they have come to an end. I sincerely hope there will be another competition next year and that more than 'one drawer' will be filled with answers. BESSIE M. SCOTT."

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN 1888.

The following are the answers to the entire set :—

1. Deborah.—Gen. 35 : 8.
2. Samuel.—1 Samuel 9 : 13.
3. 1 Chron. 11 ; 22.
4. Rehoboam.—2 Chron. 11 : 21.
5. Numbers 27 : 1-11.—(*a*) The law of Inheritance. (*b*) Moses, (*c*) Mahlah, Noah, Hoglah, Milcah, and Tirzah.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

PEACE.—John 14 : 27 ; 20 : 19.

P-ontinnah	1 Sam. 1 : 4-7.
E-phesians	Eph. 2 : 1, 14 ; 1-22.
A-bigail	1 Sam. 25 : 3 ; 10-14, 32, 33.
C-orinth	1 Cor. 13 : 11.
E-sau	Gen. 33 : 1-4 ; 27-13, 25, 36.

6. Seraiah, son of Azariah. He was slain at Riblah by Nebuchadnezzar. 1 Chron. 6 : 14 ; 2 Kings 25 : 18-21 ; Jer. 52 : 24-27.
7. Jeremiah. Jer. 39 ; 11-14 ; 40 : 2-4.
8. Zechariah, son of Jehoiada, generally considered to be the same as Zacharias, son of Barachias. Matt. 23 : 35 ; 2 Chron. 24 : 20-22.
9. Aaron. Ex. 29 : 1-9.
10. Seventy thousand. Because of David's sin in numbering the people. 2 Sam. 24 : 1-15.
11. When one slew the prophet who disobeyed God's command forbidding him to stop to eat or drink until he returned home after warning Jeroboam. 1 Kings 13 : 24.
12. The Syrian Army. 2 Kings 6 : 18-20.
13. Jairus' daughter. Mark 5 : 41-42.
14. Matt. 8 : 14.
15. Babylon. Ephesus.
16. Chaldean, Persian, Macedonian, Roman.
17. The total destruction of Jerusalem. Luke 19 : 41-44.
18. In the plains of Moab opposite Jericho. Num. 22 : 1.
19. (*a*) Pul or Sardanapalus — Jewish king, Menahem. 2 Kings 15 : 16. (*b*) Tiglath Pileser, Jewish king Pekahi. 2 Kings 15 : 29. (*c*) Shalmaneser, Jewish king Hoshea. 2 Kings 17 : 3. (*d*) Sennacherib, Jewish king, Hezekiah. 2 Kings 18 : 13. (*e*) Nebuchadnezzar, Jewish king, Jehoiachin. 2 Kings 24 : 8-11.
20. Mount Carmel. Elijah and Elisha. 1 Kings 18 : 19 ; 2 Kings 1 : 25.
21. 2 Kings 6 : 6.
22. Garments mingled of linen and wool. Lev. 19 : 19.
23. During the reign of Rehoboam, because he would not lessen the burdens of the people. 1 Kings 12 : 1, 19.
24. The tribes of Judah and Benjamin, Jeroboam the son of Nebat. 1 Kings 12 : 20, 21.
25. Smyrna and Philadelphia. Rev. 2 : 8, 11 ; 3 : 7, 11.
26. On his first missionary journey Paul visited Salamis, Paphos, Perga, Antioch in Pisidia, Iconium, Lystra, Derbe. Acts 13 : 4, 52 ; 14 : 1, 28.
27. Jeroboam, Nadab, Baasha, Elah, Zimri, Omri, Ahab. 1 Kings 15 : 9 ; 22 : 41.
28. (*a*) See Joshua 6 : 26. (*b*) During the reign of Ahab on Hiel the Bethelite. 1 Kings 16 : 34.
29. 1. "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me." Matt. 27 : 26. 2. "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." Luke 23 : 34. 2. "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Luke 23 : 43. 4. "Father into thy hands I commend my spirit." Luke 23 : 46. 5. "Woman, behold thy son . . . son, behold thy mother." John 19 : 26-27. 6. "I thirst." John 19 ; 28. 7. "It is finished." John 19 : 29.
30. In Esther.
31. Absalom. 2 Sam. 18 : 9-17.
32. Joseph. Gen. 37 : 28. Christ. Matt. 26 : 15.
33. They disagreed about taking John Mark. Acts 15 : 36-41.
34. (*a*) The joint army of Jehoshaphat, king of Judah ; Jehoram, King of Israel, and the King of Edom. (*b*) Elisha. 2 Kings 3 : 1-20.
35. By Mordecai to Esther on the occasion of Haman's plot to murder all the Jews. Esther 4 : 14.
36. Christ talking with the Samaritan woman. John 4 : 5-26.
37. Jehovah-jireh. The name was given by Abraham when he was not allowed to sacrifice Isaac, and on this spot Solomon's temple was built. Gen. 22 : 14 ; 2. Chron. 3 : 1.
38. Paul with Silas as his companion started on his second missionary journey from Antioch and visited in succession the following towns and provinces :—Syria, Cilicia, Derbe, Lystra, Iconium, Phrygia, Galatia, Mysia, Troas, thence across to Macedonia visiting Samothracia, Neapolis, Philippi, Amphipolis, Apollonia, Thessalonica, Berea, Athens, Corinth ; across the sea again to Ephesus whence he took ship to Cæsarea and from thence went to Antioch. Acts 15.40. Chaps. 16, 21.
39. Malachi. About four hundred years. Mal. 4 : 5. Matt. 3 : 1-6.
40. The chief priests paid the guard to say so, Matt. 28 : 12-14.
41. Cousin. She was his uncle's daughter. Esther. 2 : 7.
42. Zedekiah. 2 Kings, 25 : 1-7.
43. (*a*) Barak, (*b*) Deborah, (*c*) Canaanites (*d*) Jabin (*e*) Sisera. Jud. 4 : 1, 2.
44. "Thou shalt not covet." "Thou shalt not kill." "Thou shalt not bear false witness," "Thou shalt not steal. The king was Ahab, The owner of the ground Naboth.
45. The Gibeonites. Josh. 9 : 3-27.
46. (*a*) At Shiloh. Josh. 18 1. (*b*) When Solomon's temple was built. 1 Chron. 5.
47. Jepthah. Judges 11 : 30-40.
48. (*a*) The seventy sons of Ahab. (*b*) Jehu. (*c*) Elijah's prophecy that there should not one of Ahab's sons be left. 2 Kings 10 : 1-11.
49. Noah. Gen. 9 : 20.
50. Hannah. Judges 13 : 13-14.
51. By Elijah when he met the prophets of Baal on Mount Carmel. 1 Kings 18 : 21.
52. Three times. 1. When the Israelites crossed over on their way from Egypt. Josh. 3 : 14-17. 2. When Elijah passed over with Elisha. 3. When Elisha came back alone. 2 Kings 2 : 1-14.
53. In Acts 12. It was in his mother's house that the disciples were praying when Peter was released by the angel from prison.
54. David was told by Nathan to build the House of the Lord as he wished : but that night the word of God came to Nathan that David must not do it. 1 Chron. 17 : 1-15.
55. Adoni-Bezek, king of Bezek. Judges 1 : 5-7.
56. Og, king of Bashan. It was nine cubits long and four wide. Deut. 3 : 11.
57. (*a*) Sisera, captain of the Canaanitish host, was killed by Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite, Judges 4 : 21. (*b*) Abimelech, one of the judges of Israel killed in battle by a woman rolling a stone from the city wall. Judges 9 : 53.
58. On the occasion of Josiah destroying idolatry 2. Kings 2 : 3-11.
59. With Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace. Daniel 3 : 25.
60. Paul besought us to "present our bodies a living sacrifice" . . . . our reasonable service. Rom. 12 : 1.
61. 1. To the serpent. "I will put enmity between thee and the woman," etc. Gen. 3 : 15. 2. To Abram. "In thee shall all families of the earth be blessed." Gen. 12 : 3. 3. Jacob's prophecy to Judah. "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah nor a law giver from between his feet until Shiloh come and unto him shall the gathering of the people be." Gen. 49 : 10. 4. Balaam's Prophecy. "I shall see him but not now, I shall behold him but not nigh : there shall come a Star out of Jacob and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel that shall smite the corners of Moab and destroy all the children of Sheth." Num. 24 : 17.
62. In Bethlehem. Micah. 5 : 2.
63. Caleb, Joshua, Deut. 1 : 36-38. Eleazar and Phineas his son. Ex. 6 : 25.—Josh. 24 : 33.

FUTURE PLANS.

Another Bible competition, though of a somewhat different character, will, we hope, be announced later on, but as so many of our young people are busy now writing stories of Canadian history, we will withhold our announcement until they are through.

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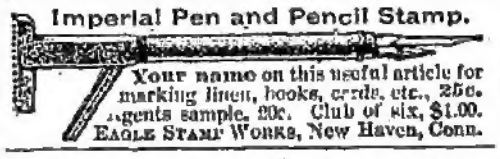

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